But where to morrow ? well all is one for that :
Who hath descried the number of the foe ;

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalian trebles that account;
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want :
Vp with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know ?

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done,
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my Tent;
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength :
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke ?

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper-time.

Kin. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke
What is my Beauer easier then it was ?
And all my armour layd into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readine

Kin. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

Kin. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *N*

Nor. I warrant you my Lord,

Kin. *Catesby*.

Rat. My Lord.

Kin. Send out a Pursfeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of Wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heau

Rat. My Lord.

Kin. Sawest thou the melancholly L. *Northu*

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselfe
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troup
Went through the army chering vp the souldier

Kin. So I am satisfied, giue me a boule of Wir
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue :
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Kin. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Rat*cliffe* about the midst of night come to my t
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say.

Enter Darby to Richmond *in his tent.*

Dar. Fortune and victory sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afo
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our noble mother ?

Dar. I by atturney blesse thee from thy mothe
Who prayes continually for *Richmonds* good